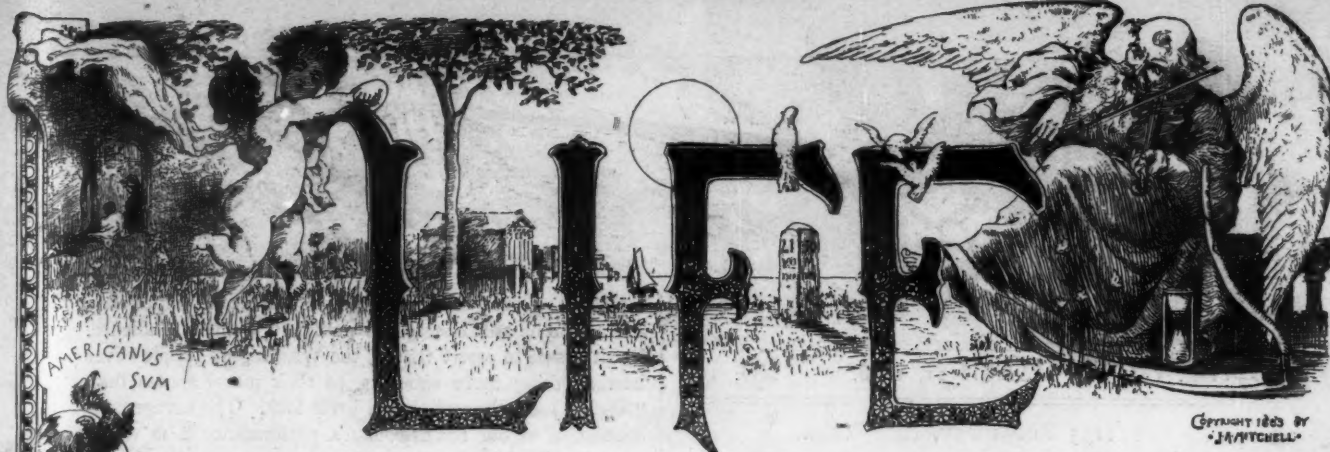


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### FASQUELLE AT FAULT.

*Mr. Henry Pinchback:* PARDON, MADAME. JE VOUS AI CAUSÉ LA PERTE DE VOTRE DINER; UN VRAI DÉSASTRE.  
*Madame (with some feeling):* DÉSASTRES; OUI, J'EN AI PLEIN LE DOS, ET AVEC ÇA L'ESTOMAC VIDE.  
*Mrs. P.:* WHAT DOES SHE SAY?  
*Mr. P.:* SHE SAYS SHE HAS A FULL BACK AND AN EMPTY STOMACH. PEOPLE NEVER TALKED THAT WAY IN MY GRAMMAR.



VOL. VII. MARCH 11, 1886. NO. 167.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IT is said that ostrich farming has ceased to be profitable in South Africa, because the market has been overstocked. That the demand for ostrich plumes so largely increased the supply of ostriches encouraged the hope that the use of song birds for the decoration of ladies' hats, instead of extirpating the whole race of them, may have a contrary effect. There is no news yet, however, that any one is raising small birds for their plumage, and the immediate prospect is that, owing to a stupid fashion, the woods will cease to be vocal. It is to be hoped that as the spring approaches the propriety of leaving to the wanton lapwing the exclusive use of his celebrated crest may be born in upon the feminine mind.

HEAVEN knows if Washington has yet finished blushing. About a week ago the face of polite society in that simple, Jeffersonian city was so suffused with the hue of outraged innocence that the dome of the Capitol glowed as if sunrise had been misplaced, and the most abstemious citizens mistook themselves for toppers. Nor was the hue of shocked propriety more widespread than its cry that went up all over the land. Old women of all genders in the social circles of greatest altitude gasped with as much energy as the rare atmosphere they live in allowed, and the lady newspaper correspondents dipped their pens in gall and red ink and sent the prevalent shudder vibrating toward the Mississippi.

It was not a very terrible thing that raised all this clamor. A young matron of talent, whose home is in New York, took part in a charitable entertainment in another lady's house and read a poem which shocked the delicate sensibilities of her audience. Through the enterprise of a metropolitan morning contemporary we have been enabled to read this poem in all the length and breadth of its audacity. That it is a desirable piece for a public reading we are not prepared to say. Much is due *virginibus puerisque*, and there is a great deal in literature which, however

expedient it may be to read it in private, is imperfectly adapted to be administered in public to a mixed audience. But it is safe to assert that if the Washington people never hear anything more shocking to their moral senses than "Ostler Joe" they will be in great luck. The savage condemnation of our townswoman's performance is in worse taste, by all odds, than her unfortunate misapprehension of the scruples of her audience. The treatment of the lady has been scandalously cruel. A mountain has been made out of a molehill, and of rather a modest molehill at that.

\* \* \*

OUR Union generals continue to "fight their battles o'er again," by attacking each other. Gen. D. C. Buell's "Shiloh Reviewed," which appears in the March *Century*, was written last June—two months before Gen. Grant died. But if the article had been published while Grant was alive it would almost have made "a ghost of him" then, so far as his Shiloh reputation is concerned. Sherman, as served up by Buell in the water-ice of frozen truth, does not fare much better. Grant and Sherman both performed great feats of war—Grant at Donelson, Vicksburg and Appomattox; Sherman in the march through Georgia and at Greensborough, N. C. But at Shiloh, not knowing what important figures they were destined to become, they were both taken off their guard by the enemy, and were saved from disaster by the timely aid of Buell and his gallant army of the Ohio, 20,000 strong. Buell and his troops have never, since the first days after the battle, received credit for their heroic effort by which they turned the tide of a terrible defeat administered to Grant on the 6th of April, 1862. But those who remember the first accounts of the affair know that they tallied with the official reports and the careful review now given by Gen. Buell. Grant, under whom Sherman was then a division commander, was surprised and almost routed, and Buell's reinforcements saved him from ruin. It is a mournful fact that, after Buell had resigned from the army in disgust at the misappreciation of his faithful services, Grant and Sherman both tried to gain for themselves the credit which was Buell's due. It is a case of the boy holding three apples in his hand, who tried to grab a fourth and lost the three that he already had. If Grant and Sherman had remained silent as to their culpable defeat at Shiloh, little would have been said about it in history. But, since they have tried to wrest the credit of victory from the man to whom it belonged, the result will be that their own laurels will be tarnished. The extra apple that they were after is at best an Apple of Discord; but it is evident that Gen. Buell has bitten into the ripe side of it, and has left them only the wormy core.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

YEARS ago, when Pleasure sprinkled  
Treasures from her fingers fair;  
Ere our brows were seamed and wrinkled,  
By that old curmudgeon Care;

Ere all this who would have thought, dear,  
Who'd have thought, I wonder, when  
We were younger, when in short, dear,  
You were twelve and I was ten—

When, all solemnly, we plighted  
Many and many a lover's vow,  
Sealed with kiss your lips invited,  
Who'd have fancied then, that now

All my childish dreams reversing,  
All those silly fancies wrecked,—  
Who'd have thought I'd now be cursing  
You—my mother-in-law elect?

L. L. H.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

MAGISTRATE: Your name?  
Prisoner: Henry.

Magistrate: Henry is your baptismal name; what  
is your surname?

Prisoner: My father was a Pole, and, to tell the  
truth, I've never been able to pronounce it.

A STORY FROM THE BANKS OF THE  
GARONNE.

FIVE or six years ago a lieutenant named Car-  
juzac quarreled in a *café* with M. Caminade,  
a grain merchant.

Carjuzac sent two friends.

"Gentlemen," replied Caminade, "I should like  
nothing better than to fight, but the chances be-  
tween opponents should be somewhere near equal.  
Carjuzac is alone in the world, while I have a wife  
and three children; when he has a wife and three  
children I shall be happy to place myself at his dis-  
posal."

Carjuzac was beside himself. He was not, how-  
ever, to be balked of his revenge by an excuse so  
flimsy. A neighboring barber had a pretty daugh-  
ter with black eyes. He proposed, was accepted  
and married with as little delay as possible. Time  
went on, and at the end of nearly three years he  
was able to present himself to Caminade, with two  
children in his arms and followed by a nurse who  
carried a third.

"Well, Caminade!" cried the triumphant and  
happy father, "we can now fall to. I have three  
children."

"No," replied his adversary, "we cannot even yet  
fight on equal terms, for now I have five!"

NO UNCERTAINTY.

Angelina: DIDN'T YOU PROMISE ME, EDWIN, WHEN YOU WENT  
OUT THAT YOU'D CERTAINLY BE HOME BY ONE?

Edwin: YEZH, MY DEAR, YEZH,  
AND HERE I AM JEZH TO THE MO-  
MENT.

Angelina: JUST TO THE MOMENT,  
INDEED! DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME  
IT IS NOW?

Edwin: JEZH ONE, MY  
DEAR, JEZH ONE. JEZH  
HEARD IT STRIKE ONE  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.







### FORWARD MARCH.

WITH a ripping and roaring  
 Old Boreas blows,  
 And off of the clothes-lines  
 He strippeth the hose.  
 Our ears they are frozen  
 Much stiffer than starch—  
 A regular thing with  
 The coming of MARCH.

THE wind last week attained a velocity of eighty-four miles an hour.

This blowing record has never been beaten around this section barring, of course, the unparalleled feats of John L. Sullivan and ex-Benj. F. Butler.

LIFE suggests to the twelve good men who are to try J. T. Holland for the murder of a confidence operator, that the only punishment that fits the crime is a statue in Central Park.

Holland is as great a benefactor to the human race in his way as Robert Burns, Walter Scott or William Shakespeare.

A RECENT addition to periodical literature is the *Forum*. It will probably seek out all the frivolities of the day and go *Forum*.



### AT THE OPERA.

MONTGOMERY JONES IS NOT PRAYING. HE HAS ONLY PASTED A LIST OF BOX HOLDERS IN HIS HAT AND IS DECIDING WHOM HE WILL HONOR.

THE new song entitled "That bouquet I bought for a dollar," promises to be a greater favorite with the ladies than "Only a pansy blossom."

BARGAIN.

BARGAIN.

### GREAT REDUCTION TO SUBSCRIBERS!

On and after April 1st the publishers of LIFE offer special advantages to regular subscribers.

A limited number of subscriptions may be had at this office for

FIVE SILVER (79c.) DOLLARS.

FIVE SILVER (79c.) DOLLARS.

FIVE SILVER (79c.) DOLLARS.

Clear gain to patrons of \$1.05.

Apply early and avoid the rush.

THE more we think of it the more we pity those poor pillaged Britishers, so feelingly alluded to by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

There was the poverty-stricken Oscar Wilde, who came over with a few other emigrants shortly after Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan had saturated us with a musical advertisement of his peculiarities. Mr. Wilde came here with nothing but his clothes and his hair. Of these the American pirate robbed him even to the last vestige of his pauperism. So thoroughly stripped of all he had was he that in self-defense he went home and got married, so that he should have some visible means of support and keep him from vagrancy.

Then there was Henry Irving, absolutely pelted out of the land with seventy-nine cent dollars.

Canon Farrar, too, went home loaded to the muzzle with depreciated American currency, which the pickpocket American public left in his trousers by mistake.

Mrs. Langtry came among us, confiding her sweet presence to our care, and actually left a hundred thousand dollars' worth of mortgages on New York real estate. Poor pillaged thing!

Matthew Arnold lost several carloads of sweetness and light to these American bandits without receiving any more adequate compensation than some fifty thousand dollars.

As for Gilbert & Sullivan, whose operas have carried desolation into so many homes, they are the worst sufferers of all. It is said that Mr. Gilbert never received a penny from the elevated railroad patent, while Sullivan's request for a share of the Madison Square Garden receipts have always been treated with silent contempt.



THE MODERN ARGONAUTS WITH THEIR GOLDEN "FLEECE."

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. W. S. GILBERT AND OTHERS WHO "HAVE BEEN PILLAGED RIGHT AND LEFT" BY AMERICANS.



## BACK AGAIN IN THE SIERRAS.

BRET HARTE is back again among the lofty peaks and pure air of the Sierras in his latest story, "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). His fancy is freer here, his dialogue more crisp, than in the semi-tropical atmosphere which envelops "Maruja." There is more passion in the latter story, but it is hazy, sluggish, and out of the range of one's sympathies.

But up on a tableland of the Sierras we breathe again the exhilarating air which stirred our fancy when long ago we read the pathetic story of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

OF course, the years which lie between have not been idle; the freshness and the depth of feeling which were the charm of Bret Harte's earlier sketches are not so impressive in "Snow-Bound at Eagle's." But he has not lost faith in the dreams of his youth. He still believes in the old romance, and finds the lovable quality somewhere in all grades of humanity. Years have not brought insincerity and cynicism.

Experience has taught him how to construct artistically a very good story. The interesting complications growing out of a conventional stage-robbery and snow-storm are most original and unexpected. One may say there is something essentially vulgar in the idea of three refined women and two highwaymen snow-bound at a ranch in the Sierras. Well, there is, if you stop to analyze it. Any show of sentiment between a lady and a highwayman ought to be repulsive. In this prosaic world, even in the California mountains, it probably is. But you must grant the romancer his premises. If he can create a highwayman who is a gentleman, for the time being we can discreetly wish the elegant outlaw success in his love affair.

Besides, in this instance, *Falkner* is a very mild kind of villain. He has only once stepped outside the realms of law to right a wrong summarily which the law would probably have winked at.

It would not be Bret Harte's story without the element of picturesque wickedness.

THE women of the tale have too much Eastern culture to be romantic and not enough to be natural. The Boston girl is stupid enough when portrayed by one of the inner circle in a Boston novel. When transplanted by Bret Harte to the Sierras she is almost grotesque. The slight glimpse of *Zeenie* at old *Hennicker's* cabin, with her slang and bravado, is worth all the more elaborate scenes in which the Eastern ladies appear. There may be no such girls as *Zeenie* in the West. Indeed, the California press is politely urging Mr. Harte to visit the State and make the acquaintance of the people he essays to depict. But the time of this story was twenty years ago, and if *Zeenie* really did not live then, she should have. The lonely mountain passes would have been made bright by her presence.

There is one romancer left who is not scared into conventionality by fear of the probabilities. *Droch.*

## SEASONABLE.

"AND what is so rare as a day in June?"  
The poet has sung before.  
'T is a day in *March*, I reply in tune,  
For then it is truly *raw*!

## CORRECT.

TEACHER: Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence, "Adolphus married Caroline." Miss S.: Well, "Adolphus" is a noun, because it is the name of a thing; "married" is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline, and "Caroline" is a verb, 'cause it governs the noun.

## DARWINIAN.

MAN has been known to spring from a mouse; why not from a monkey?



A PERFUMED, pink communication, written in an utterly feminine hand, and blurred as though with tears, looked me in the face a few mornings ago and invited perusal. "I am so fearfully wretched," it ran, after three symbolic tears, "I don't know what I shall do. I went to see Mr. Gilbert's 'Engaged,' at the Madison Square Theatre the other night, and have not known a happy moment since. Oh! do tell me that men think better of us poor, giddy things than Mr. Gilbert seems to do" (four tears and a blot), "for I would like to believe it. I am engaged to such a dear, good boy, and I assure you that there's nothing mercenary about me." (Deluge of little tears.) "If Jack were to see 'Engaged' he would be disgusted with womankind. I hope he will not do so. Write me, please. I cannot tell you my name. Jack calls me his little TOOTSY-WOOTSY."

My dear, tender-hearted little Tootsy-Wootsy—for I must do as Jack does—calm your agitation, and don't pay any attention to all the naughty ideas that emanate from Mr. Gilbert's pen. He does n't believe them himself, be quite assured; but he thinks that originality at any cost is better than tepid conventionality, and he wants to impress people with that view.

In "Engaged," my corresponding Tootsy-Wootsy, the utter heartlessness and non-humanness of Mr. Gilbert's work is strikingly seen. In his comic operas much of the attention is diverted from himself to Sir Arthur Sullivan, with most wholesome results. But in his comedy he is all alone, and he fails to please.

Every one acknowledges that exaggerations can only be



BEFORE THE BALL.

I CAN see you soon advancing  
Through the ball-room and the dancing,  
Where the social stars are prancing  
To a soft, voluptuous air;  
I can see the smiles of greeting,  
See eyes kindle in the meeting  
With your own, that seem entreating,  
Lady fair.

Ah! too well I know how snaring  
Are your glances to the daring.  
Just last August I was swearing  
No one could with you compare;  
Yet I did not call you cruel  
When you jilted me, my jewel;  
No, I calmly took my gruel!  
Lady fair.

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

SCENE: Jones's dressing-room.

Brown: "Ah-h, Jones, what have we here?"

Jones: "Oh, that's a tidy I bought at the church fair, don't you know. Charming girl—Miss De Johnson—bought it at her table, you know. Really could n't help myself, she smiled so sweetly and said I'd find it so useful."

Brown: "Did she though! Why man, it's one of these crocheted washrags."

"ONE OF OUR GIRLS"—Bridget.

appreciated when they are contrasted with every-day humdrum-ness. That is true art, Tootsy-Wootsy. But in "Engaged" there are no contrasts. It is one vast exaggeration, without a touch of human interest. "A perpetual smile lasts too long. The fairest falsehood deludes but for a moment." That is what a butterfly Frenchman said, and he ought to know.

We must have something human, must n't we, Tootsy-Wootsy—you and Jack and I? If Mr. Gilbert had only introduced, as a set-off to his exaggerations, a youthful, affectionate couple, whose future we could settle for ourselves in placidity, mutton chops and half a dozen children, how much more we should have appreciated his irony—he meant it for irony, my dear—should n't we?

Mr. Gilbert is one of those light, unmeaning things that laugh with all and weep with none, and he laughs always in the same strain. In "Engaged" there is not one new character. We have seen every one of his creations half a dozen times, and prefer them accompanied by Sullivan's pretty music, do n't we?

Gilbert wants to make artless little things like my girlish Tootsy-Wootsy believe that he is disgusted with the world, but he is n't. Not one bit of it. No man in London has a keener appreciation of £ s. d. than he has. There is only one thing on this earth that he prefers, and that is W. S. Gilbert.



A FAIR WARNING.

Applicant (to St. Peter): CAN I COME IN?

St. Peter: WHO ARE YOU?

Applicant: MY NAME IS SMITH, I'M FROM CHICAGO.

St. Peter: CHICAGO?

Applicant: YES, SIR.

St. Peter (dubiously): YEEES, YOU CAN COME IN IF YOU WANT TO, MR. SMITH, BUT I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE.

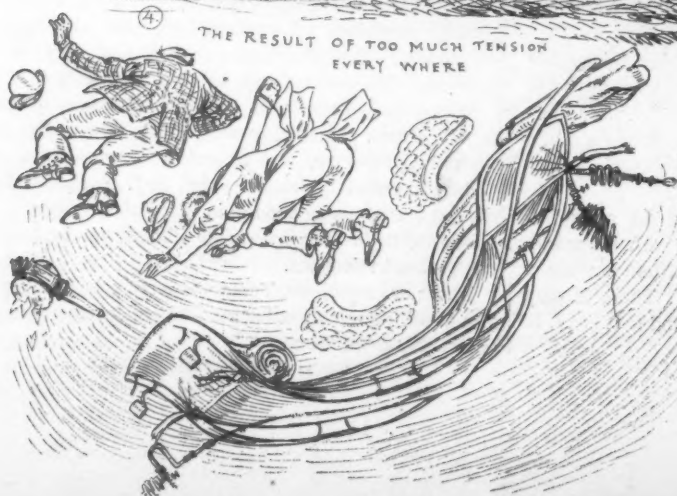
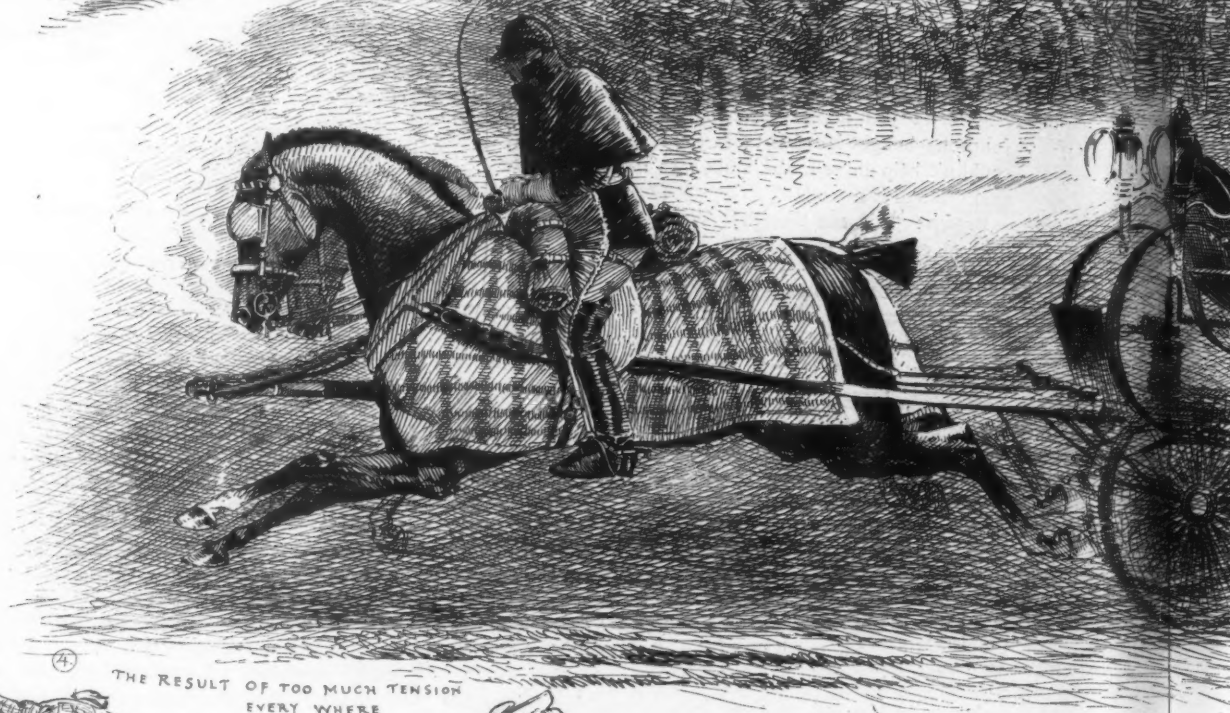
My dear child, tell Jack to go and see "Engaged," and if it disgusts him with woman-kind, let it do so. It did n't disgust me, and I'm a bachelor. Please remember that. If Gilbert wants us to think that this world is such a very unpleasant place, he must manage to get a few more of his comedies produced. Then we may agree with him. I understand the spirit that prompted you to write me, Tootsy-Wootsy. I think that there is only one good-natured female character in "Engaged," and that the others are heartless, to the exclusion of humor.

The amusing element is found in Mrs. Agnes Booth, who, as *Belinda Prelurue*, is excruciatingly funny. The episode with the tarts and ginger-wine is something more than ordinarily laughable. I liked Kelcey, too, as *Cheviot Hill*, didn't you? But of course you did. All girls do. I am convinced that you and Jack would n't agree on that subject.

Miss Annie Russell, as the lowland lassie, imitated the Scotch accent remarkably well. Miss Maud Harrison, as *Minnie Symperson*, was as coldly unsympathetic as Mr. Gilbert intended her to be. Mrs. E. J. Phillips had little to do, but was amusing enough in that littleness, and Mr. C. P. Flockton, as *Belvawney*, made himself up as Irving with energy but irrelevance.

Those are my views, Tootsy-Wootsy. If I have consoled you at all, I am thrice happy. There is more consolation where that came from.

Alan Dale.



THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH TENSION  
EVERY WHERE

STRONG SPRING BED SPRINGS, FRONT AND BACK.  
CRANKS TO FASTEN SAID SPRINGS AT  
REQUIRED HEIGHT. — SPRINGS IN  
RUBBER, INSTEAD OF LEATHER.

SAID RUBBER SPRINGS EXPANDING  
OR CONTRACTING AS NEEDED. —

UPPER FLOORING OF INSIDE PLACED  
ON A GENTLE INCLINE FOR BED, SAME  
WITH SEAT AND BACK.

NOTHING MORE PLEASING THAN THE  
MOTION OF THIS VEHICLE.





CARE MUST BE TAKEN, HOWEVER, WITH  
BACK SPRING.



⑤ GOOD-BYE! EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY!

GRAY-PARKER

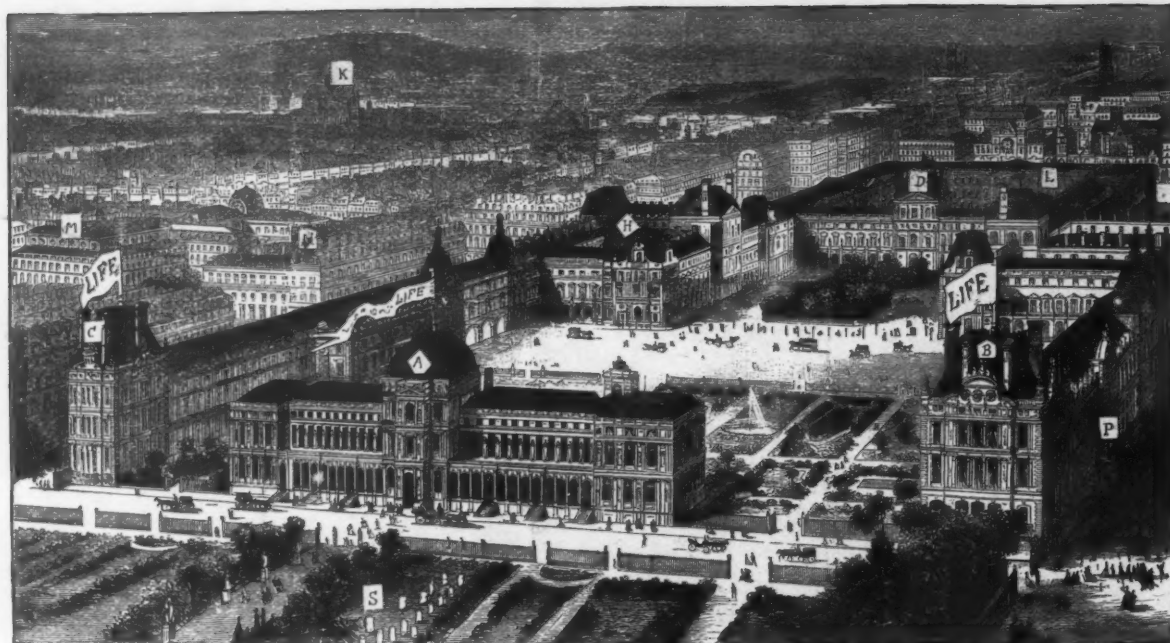


PLATE I.  
AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF LIFE OFFICE.

A. Editor's Study.  
B. By The Way Department.  
C. Bookishness.  
D. Crematory for Rejected MSS. without stamps.  
L. Cauldron Shed for boiling long articles.  
K. Asylum for Subscribers to *Puck* (padded cells.)

M. Opera House and Lyceum for Dramatic Editor.  
N. Advertising Department.  
H. Asylum for Spring Feet. Hearses direct to Cemetery every hour.  
P. Subscribers' Entrance.  
S. Cemetery for Tardy Subscribers.

#### OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

AS so many of our enterprising contemporaries are advertising the fact that they have new buildings, we can no longer conceal the fact that we too are guilty of a most flagrant degree of prosperity.

It is perhaps not generally known that the proprietors of this journal have recently erected a few dozen edifices to be devoted exclusively to those connected financially or otherwise with our staff. Any words of descriptive praise of our new offices might be deemed fulsome, and with a degree of modesty which we unassumingly though firmly pronounce becoming, we content ourselves with simply offering a few views of this new evidence of our success, taken on the spots by our artists.

Plate I., with accompanying explanatory notes, represents the general bird's eye view of our establishment. We may say here that a bird's eye is small and unable to grasp as many beauties at one swoop as the more highly endowed orb of mankind, and that our bird has omitted many details of our magnificence. Imperfect as the picture is, however, we produce it without a pang.

Among the omitted beauties there are included an Oubliette for the man who forgets to pay his subscription, and a Gallows for the man who hangs around the office and talks all day long. This last helps the man to hang around, but prevents his talking. It is simply a delicate method of ours to keep his feelings from being hurt.

We should likewise like to call attention to the crowd around the subscription door, and to the unusually small

number of occupants of our burial ground. As the descriptive note beneath the picture intimates, these mortuary friends of ours were chiefly those who failed to renew

and died either from melancholia or some other similar disease immediately after. In justice to our special undertaker, who has charge of our humorous department,

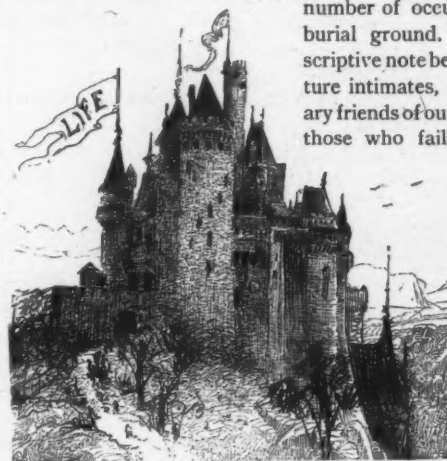


PLATE II.  
ANNEX FOR ASPIRING ARTISTS.

ment, we must confess that four of the headstones commemorate Presbyterian Deacons who laughed themselves to death over our pages.

In plate three is given an interior view of our office. Simply

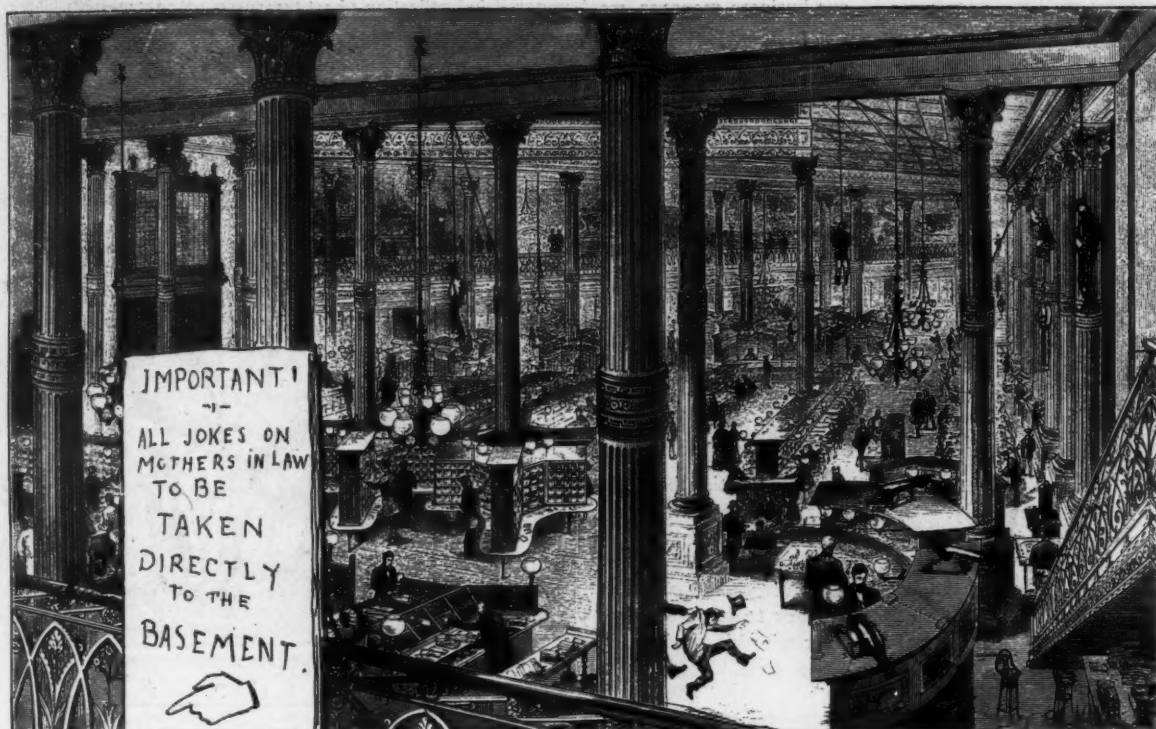


PLATE III.  
INTERIOR VIEW OF INNER OFFICE.

calling attention to the very important bulletin in the left foreground, we continue with plate two, which represents a philanthropic venture we have lately entered upon.

It is a little chateau that we use for aspiring artists who want us to tell them how to draw. We take boarders here free of charge, reserving the right to slide them into a dark, dank moat, of which we have a full supply on hand, when they think they have learned the art and begin to contribute.

In the fourth plate a really thrilling part of our business is being transacted. It is a formality through which we have to go about four times a day, and consists in filing away youths who try to pass off as original, jokes that *Punch* printed in '49. The last census of our *Punch* dungeon demonstrates the appalling fact that there are 562 poets, 247 artists and 96 "humorists" buried there. This, of course, is exclusive of the editors of *Puck*, whom we have not yet been able to induce to enter.

This particular dungeon is often so crowded that prisoners are taken out in squads of ten and drowned in Central Park. There is a special chamber seventy-seven feet lower down for the accommodation of those heavenly beings who are constantly seeing a sacreligious and indecent meaning in the things they meet in *LIFE*. Our treatment for these unfortunates is a regular course of the American daily paper. They soon become so familiar with all that is criminal and

forbidden that even *LIFE* seems decently clean and pure.

In extreme cases, when nothing else can sicken him, the *N. Y. Tribune* is placed in his hands—a half hour of that generally "fetches" the most obstinate and callous nature.

As some of our lady friends have expressed

a desire to know what the author of our delicate verses looks like, and as several of our creditors would find it convenient to become

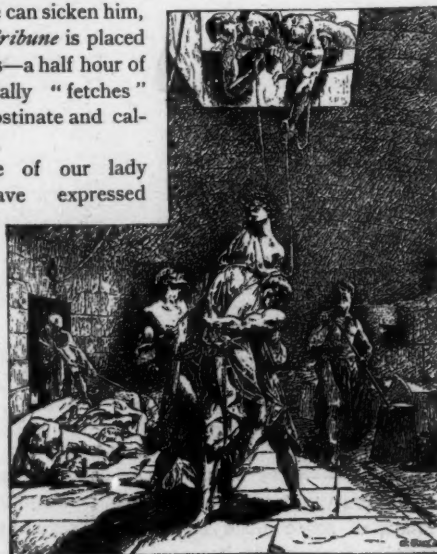


PLATE IV.  
THE DUNGEON.



familiar with the lineaments of our business manager, we venture to reproduce the two following accurate photographs:



PLATE V.  
BUSINESS MANAGER. OUR SPRING POET.

It frequently happens to the editorial constitution that a trip to Europe is necessary. Of course such necessity must be considered, and we are pleased to announce that we have recently built a magnificently appointed vessel for this purpose. Time in editorial work being an inseparable adjunct to success, it is impossible for the editor to do as ordinary mortals do and walk to the steamer with his wardrobe in his pocket. Appreciating this fact, a special engineer, at the request of the United States Government, has laid a surface road from the pier to our main entrance, from which the editor embarks. The only transatlantic lines now passing our door are the Cunard and White Star. There is, however, a sharp competition among

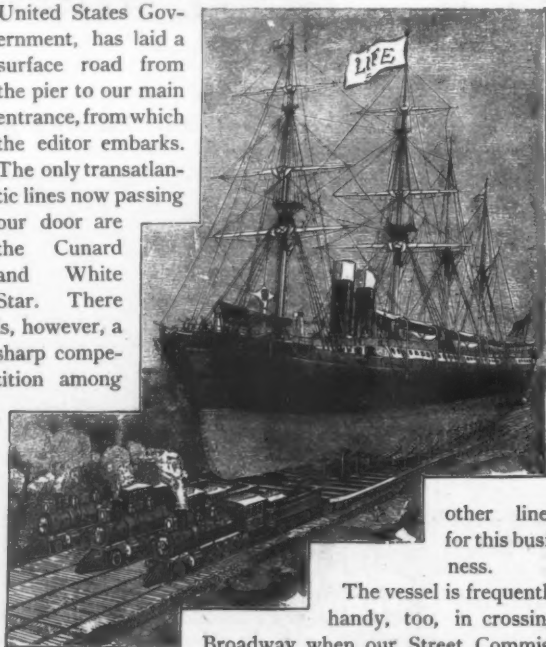


PLATE VI.

Lack of space alone prevents our saying more in this regard. Enough has been said, however, to convince the public that we are at least even with the age, if not one or two cycles ahead. We cannot help mentioning here our

other lines for this business.

The vessel is frequently handy, too, in crossing Broadway when our Street Commissioners are transacting private business.

unparalleled collection of art treasures, among which will be found a brazen group representing



THREE METROPOLITAN TRUSTEES WRESTLING WITH TRUTH.

In conclusion, we have only to say that in spite of all this magnificence and enterprise, sample copies may still be had at the old stand. Price, ten cents.

Carlyle Smith.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

—Virgil.

SHE gave me in April a copy of Gibbon;  
In August, a trifle of gay-colored ribbon  
Slipped out from her hair, with a sweet-scented flower  
That bloomed at her bosom, the toy of an hour.

And even so late as the fifth of September  
A blush and a kiss, if I rightly remember,  
But O the *finale*! when hopelessly smitten,  
I asked her to marry, she gave me the mitten!

M. E. W.

AWFULLY BORED—Artesian wells.

#### ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"HOW can I most easily obtain the highest degree of temperature in my house?"  
"Allow the children to play with the matches."

AFTER all, Jack, she warbled, it is better to be "two hearts with but a single thought" than two ditto without a single thought.



A BUTLER, PENN., man sent twenty-five cents to learn how to make \$50 a week at home working on a capital of \$1, and received the following printed slip: "Fish for fools, as I do."—*Portland Transcript*.

"DAN," said the President, earnestly, "you must be more careful when selecting wine hereafter."

"Which wine do you mean?" inquired Dan. "There are seven kinds in the cellar."

"The claret. I heard Evarts tell his neighbor that the claret was very old. Get it fresh, Dan, no matter what it costs."—*New York Sun*.

IT DEPENDED ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

"WITNESS, I believe you said you were a saloon keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Well, that depends. When he has the money about 'im I do, but when he wants it put on the slate I do n't."—*Chicago News*.

PILOT ROGERS, of the wrecked steamer *Cambridge*, says: "I knew when we struck just where we were!" This reminds one of the Irish pilot who boasted that he knew every rock on the coast, and the ship just then striking one, added, "and that's one of 'em."—*Portland Transcript*.

OLLIE, who has been a naughty boy, has just finished his usual evening prayer, when mamma says:

"Are you not going to ask God to forgive you?"

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so. Please, God, forgive me for being a bad boy, and forgive my mamma, too, for being very wicked (a long breath while he tries to bring some evidence of his assertion—then an inspiration), for she killed a fly, Lord, that you made!"—*Boston Record*.

A "CRY OF THE HEART."

SEVERAL little boys, who always play together, went off one afternoon lately, leaving one of their number behind. His eldest sister, seeing him at home, asked:

"Why, where are the others?"

"Gone off!"

"Gone where?"

"Well, for what they call 'fun,' but mother calls 'mischief.'"

"But," persisted the sister, "why did n't you go, too?"

"Oh, mother trusts me so dreadfully I can't ever have any fun!"—*Boston Record*.

ELMIRA TEACHER: Who discovered America.

JOHNNIE: Christopher Columbus.

That is right. Now, how did he come to do it?

He come by water.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A "THREE-YEAR-OLD" discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."—*Troy Telegram*.

THE *New York Times* has an article on "Our Brother, the Ape." Really, this war between the editors of the *Times* and the *Evening Post* is waxing too personal.—*Buffalo Express*.

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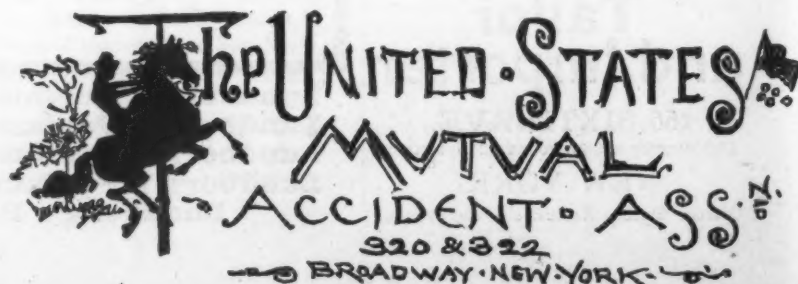
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